



50¢

# THRILLING MURDER COMICS

NO. 1

TERRIFYING  
TALES OF  
**TOTAL**  
PARANDIA



**"ADULTS"**  
ONLY

S. DEITCH

GARY ARLINGTON IS THRILLED TO PRESENT

# THRILLING MURDER

## BLOODARAMA

Featuring

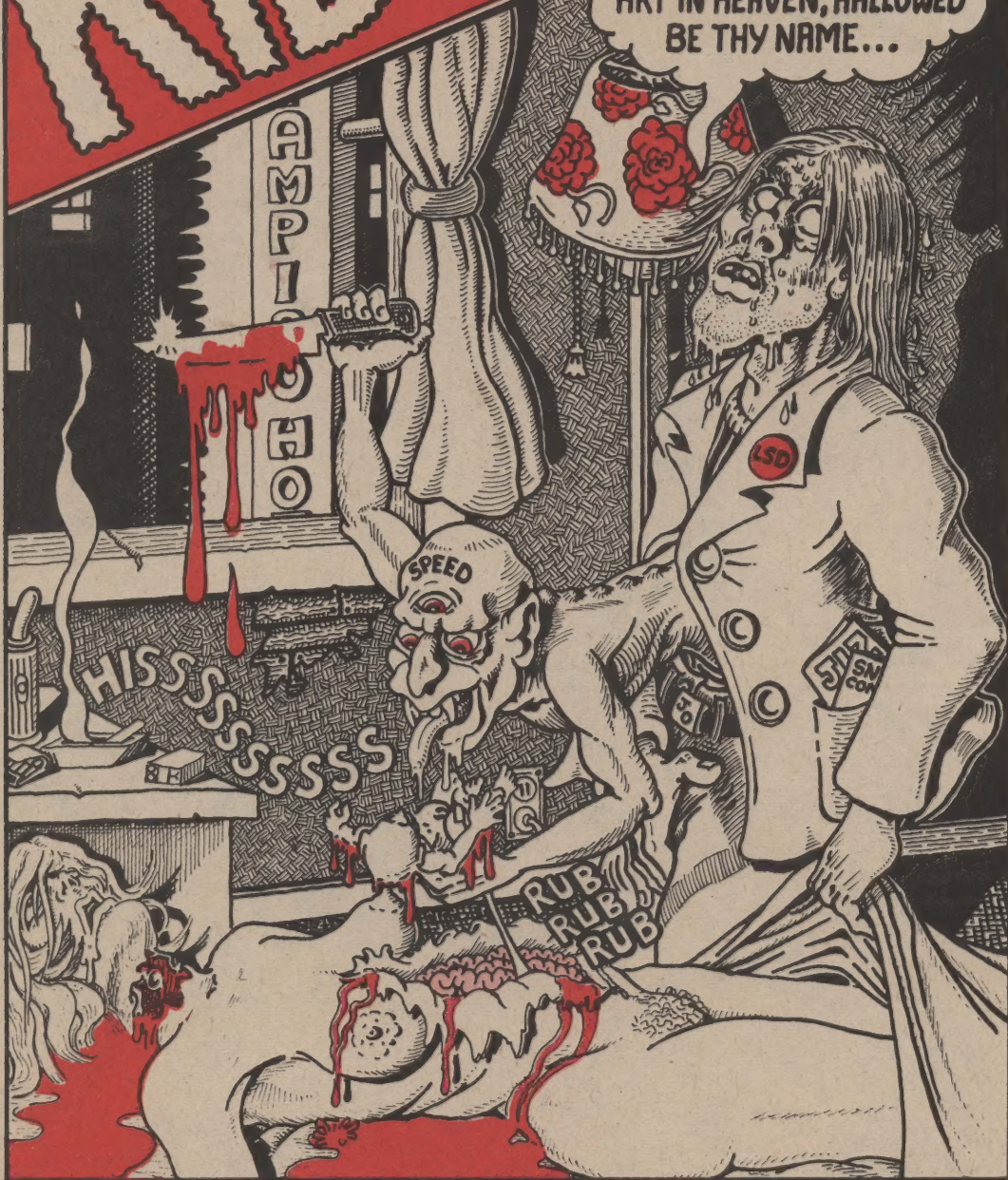


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GARY ARLINGTON  
PROUDLY  
PRESENTS

© J. OSBORNE

OUR FATHER, WHO  
ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED  
BE THY NAME...



ON A SURLY NORTH  
BEACH NIGHT...



CHING!

NEW ISH OF  
ROGUE IN  
YET, CHAN?



NAW, JUST DUDE,  
GENT, A FEW UNDER-  
GROUND SHEETS,  
AN' THIS HERE  
COMIC MAG,  
MR. FRANCISCO!



GREASY GOON  
MAGAZOON, EH?  
BY J. OSBORNE!



WHY, I REMEMBER  
WHEN I USED TA  
JOUNCE TH' LITTLE  
JOKER ON MY KNEE!



HEY! WILL YA  
LOOKIT THAT!! TH'  
KID'S SICK, SICK, SICK!!

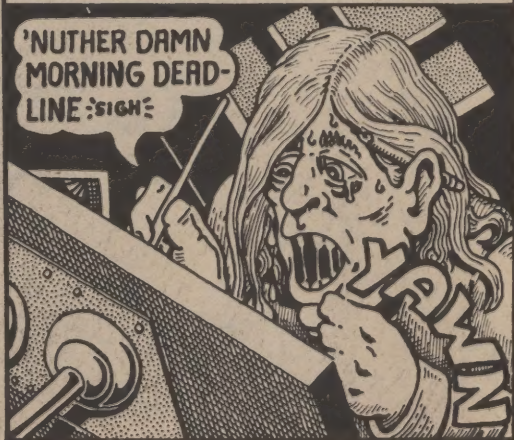


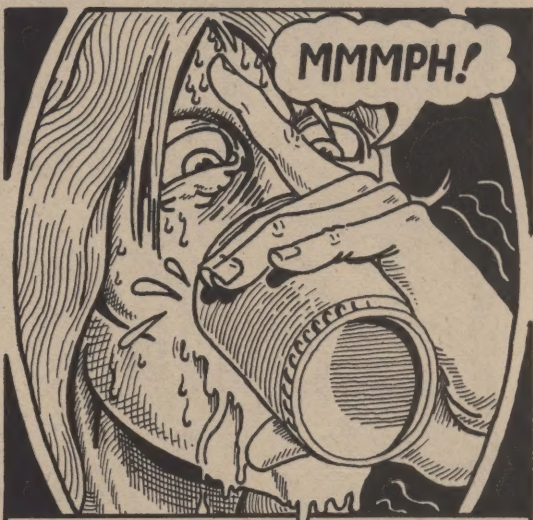
-ALWAYS KNEW TH'  
PUNK'D TURN OUT  
ROTTEN!



THAT MOMENT, AT A TURK STREET  
HOVEL DEEP WITHIN THE TENDERLOIN

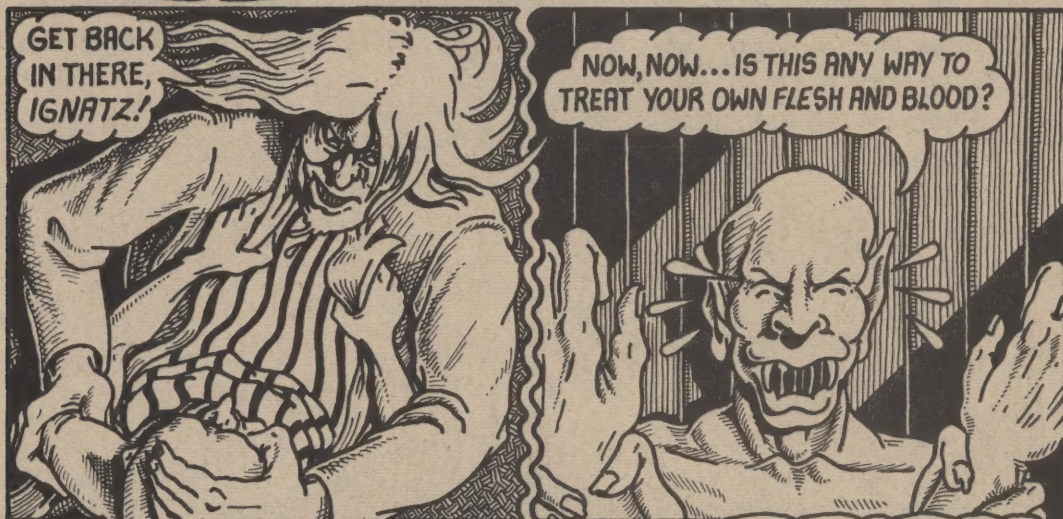
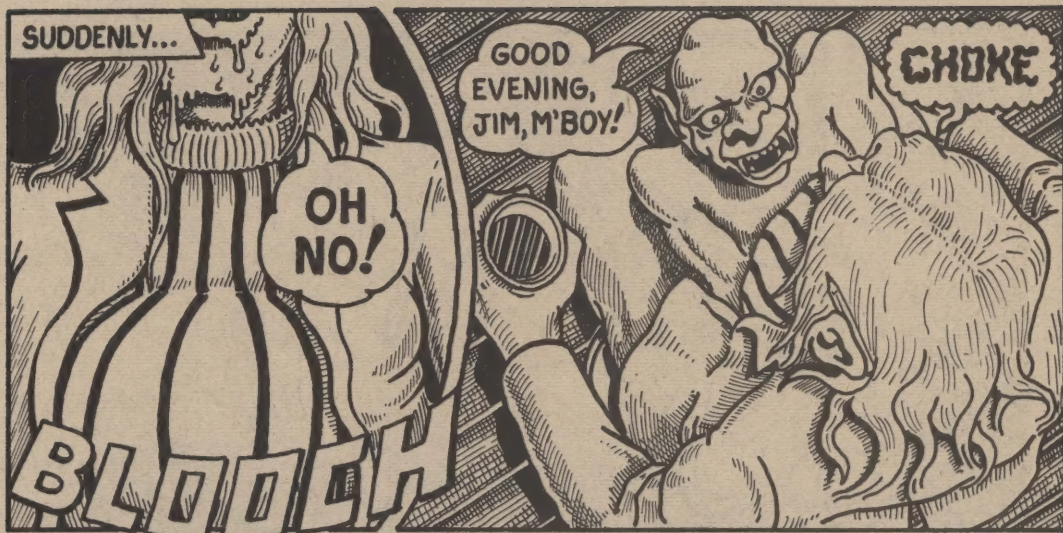
'NUTHER DAMN  
MORNING DEAD-  
LINE :SIGH:

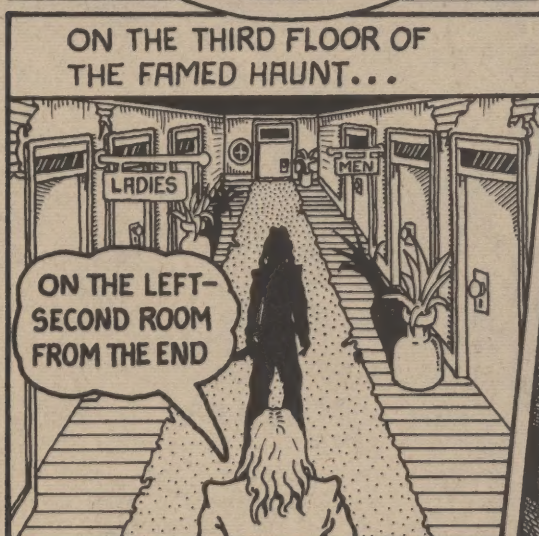


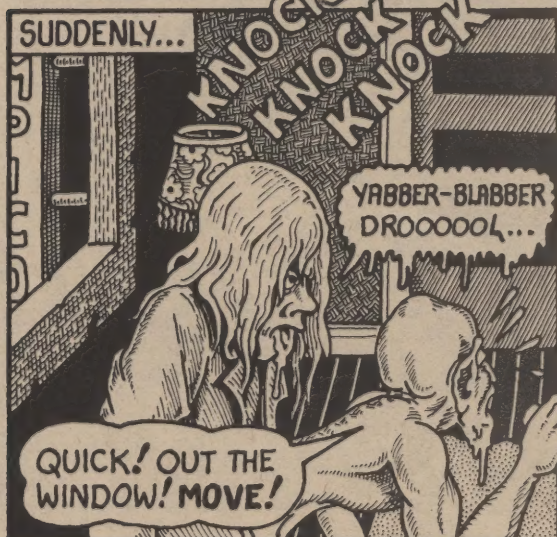
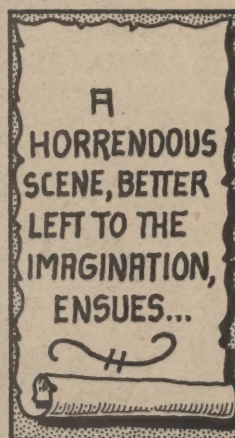


THINGS MOVE QUICKLY, THOUGH  
UNEVENTFULLY, FOR A FEW  
MINUTES...









# THE LAW HITS TH' SCENE



WHADDA  
YA THINK,  
FRISCO?

AIN'T SEEN  
NOTHIN' LIKE IT  
SINCE TH'  
BRONCO AMES  
CAPER, CHIEF!

M.O. IS TH' PUF:  
SAME AS IN TH'  
PUFF: MURDER  
OF THEM: PUF:  
SIX OTHER  
GRAVID DAMES



TORN THROATS, DIS-  
EMBOWELMENT, DES-  
TRUCTION OF THE  
FETUS, OBSCENE  
APHORISMS CARVED  
ON THE BREASTS AN'  
BUTTOCKS, ETC.

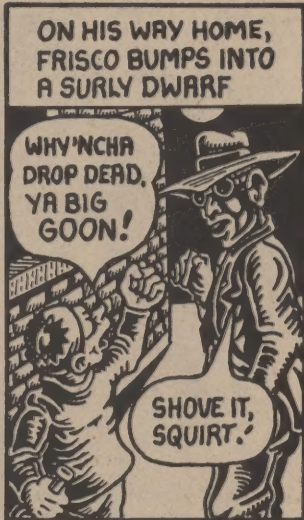


COULD BE TH' WORK  
OF A MANIAC. ANYWAY,  
THERE'S SOMETHIN'  
FAMILIAR 'BOUT  
TH' KILL...



-SO I'LL SLEEP  
ON IT, CHIEF!

O.K., FRISCO!  
CALL IF YA  
HIT ON A  
LEAD.



ON HIS WAY HOME,  
FRISCO BUMPS INTO  
A SURLY DWARF

WHY'NCHA  
DROP DEAD,  
YA BIG  
GOON!

SHOVE IT,  
SQUIRT!



GUESS I'LL STOP IN  
TH' GREASY SPOON  
AN' GRAB A CUPPA  
JAVA.---HEY!!

THAT'S IT,  
GOON-GREASY  
SPOON...  
GREASY GOON  
MAGAZOON.

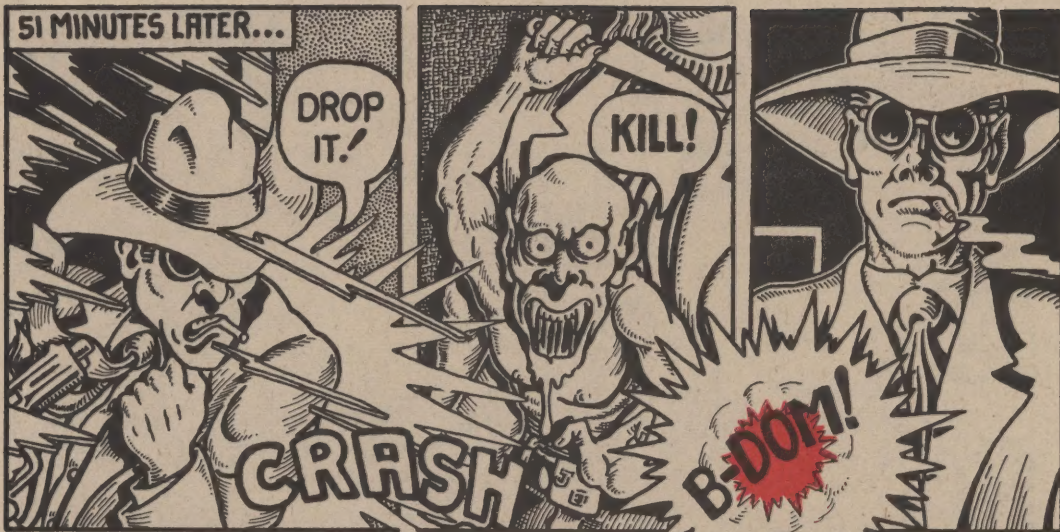
HELLO-CLANCY? GIVE ME  
A MAKE AND CURRENT  
ADDRESS ON ONE  
JAMES OSBORNE,  
CLANDESTINE CAR-  
TOONIST. I'LL WAIT!



SNAP!



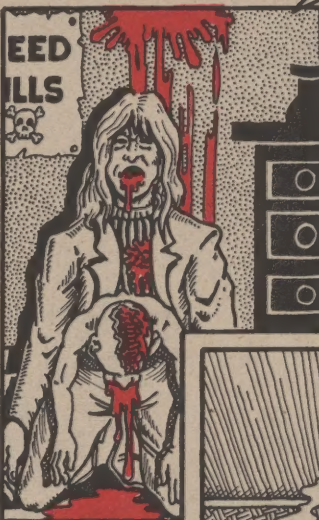
51 MINUTES LATER...



FRISCO!



EED  
ILLS



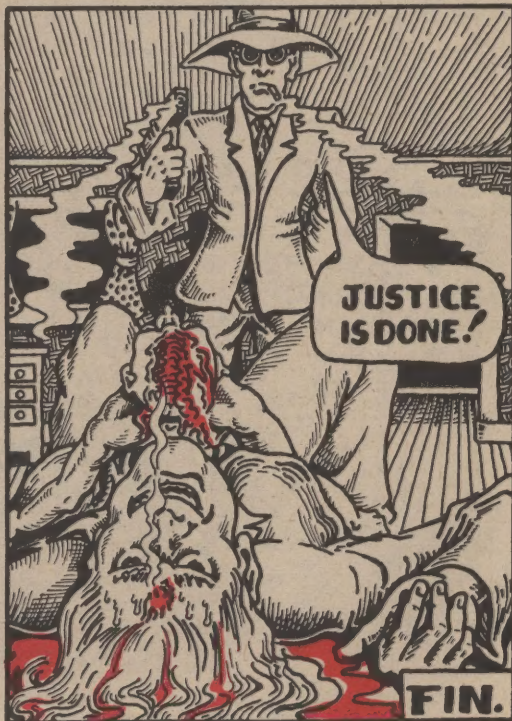
THANK GOD YOU CAUGHT  
US BEFORE WE KILLED  
AGAIN! NOW END IT!!



MY PLEASURE, PUNK!

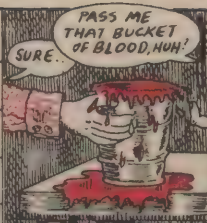


JUSTICE  
IS DONE!

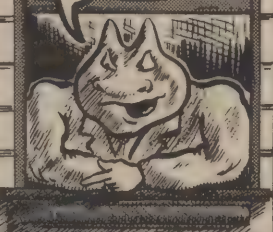


MR. <sup>the</sup> TOAD in

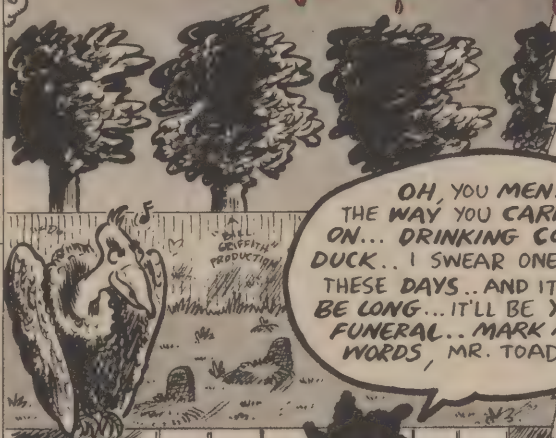
# A FINE WAY TO DIE



BONJOUR, MRS. COWSNOSKI. HEY, HOW'S THE OLD MAN TODAY?? LAST NIGHT HE WAS HAVIN' A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH SOME IRREGULAR VERBS.. HEH... HEH... QUITE A JOKER, THAT JAKE!



OH, YOU MEN!! THE WAY YOU CARRY ON... DRINKING COLD DUCK... I SWEAR ONE OF THESE DAYS.. AND IT WON'T BE LONG... IT'LL BE YOUR FUNERAL.. MARK MY WORDS, MR. TOAD!!



FREE FRANK MATRA

WHAT'VE YOU GOT THERE, MRS. C.? BEEN SHOPPING THIS EARLY? BUSY, BUSY, HM?



TEE SHIRTS / SUPER MO.

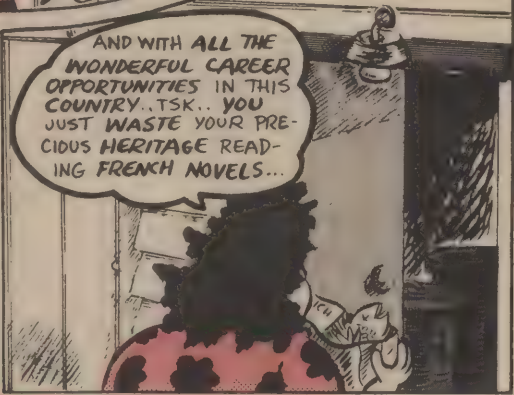
YEAH, TSK, TSK!

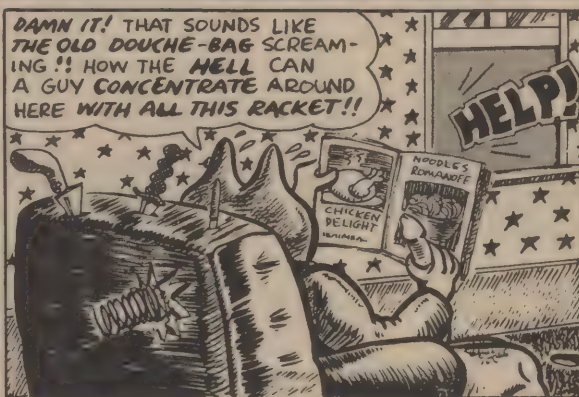
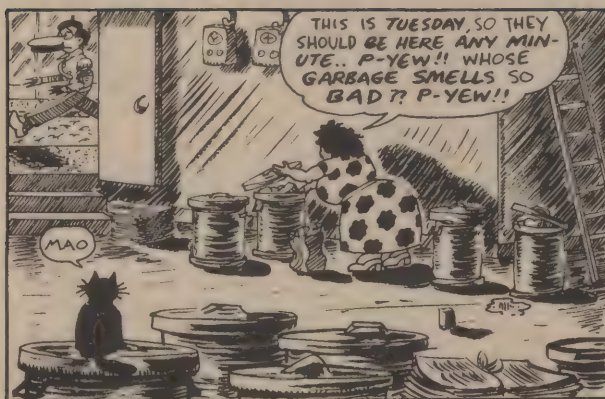


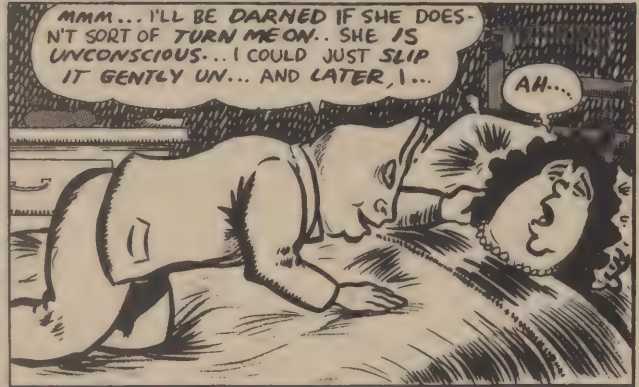
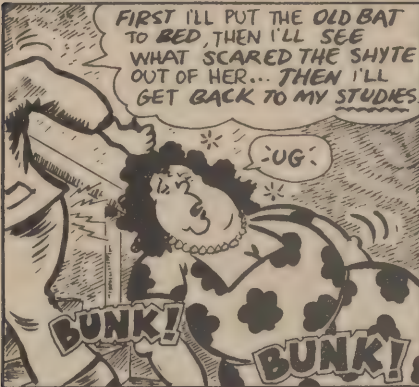
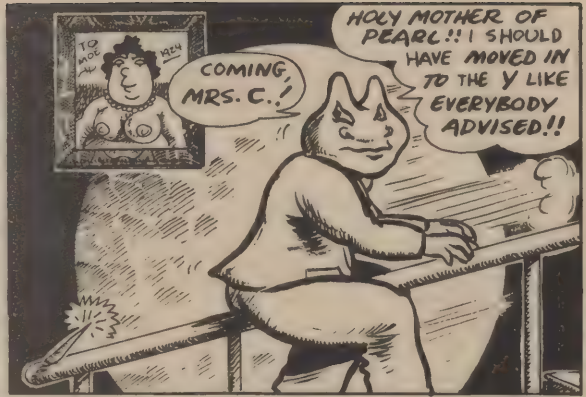
NOW MR. TOAD YOU KNOW IT'S THE GARBAGE... I TRY TO KEEP CLEAN UNLIKE CERTAIN PEOPLE I KNOW IN THIS HOUSE!



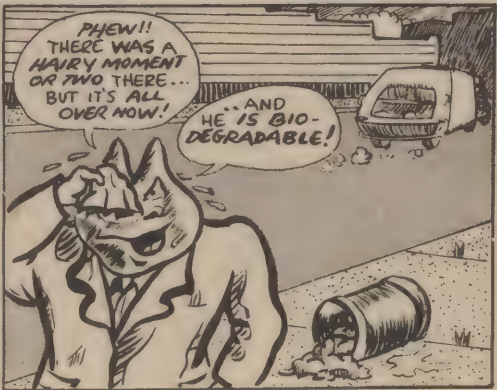
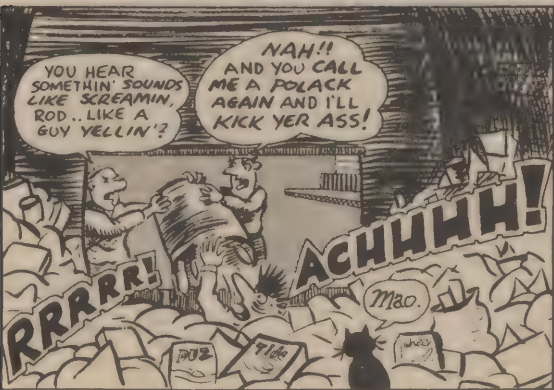
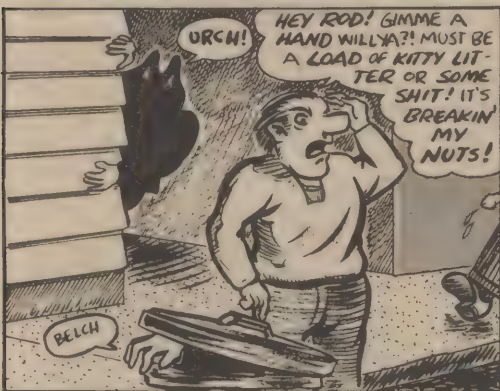
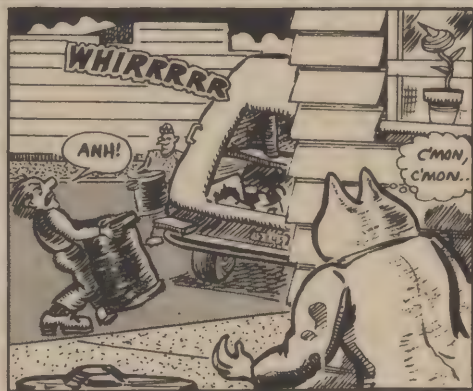
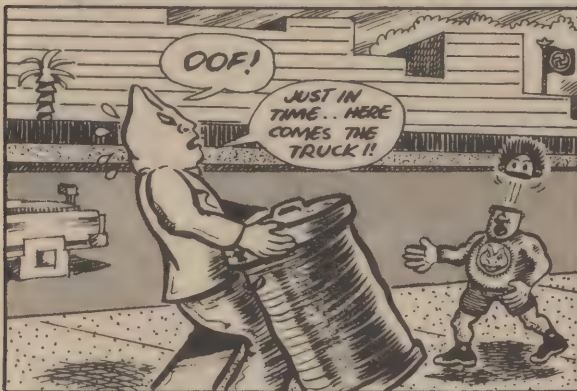
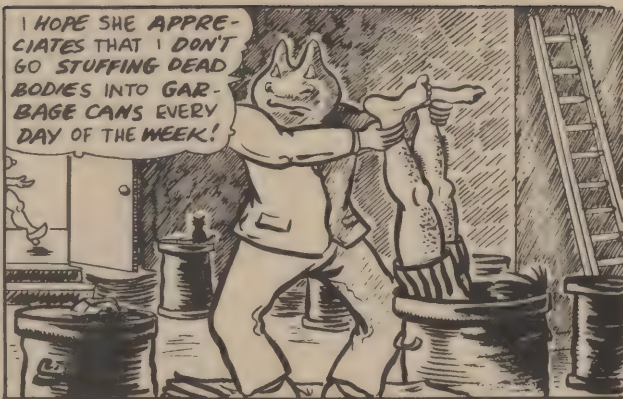
AND WITH ALL THE WONDERFUL CAREER OPPORTUNITIES IN THIS COUNTRY.. TSK.. YOU JUST WASTE YOUR PRECIOUS HERITAGE READING FRENCH NOVELS...

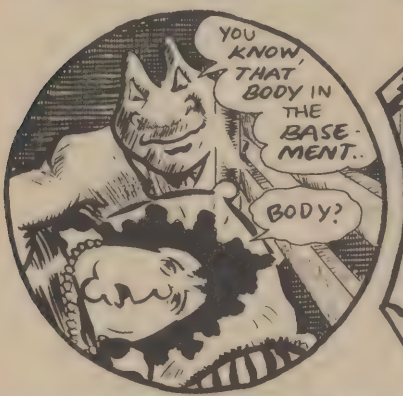
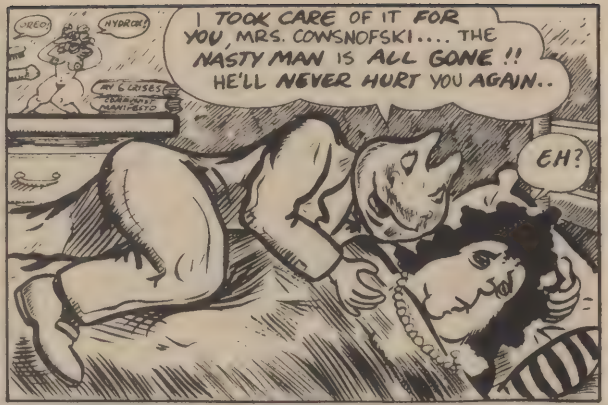
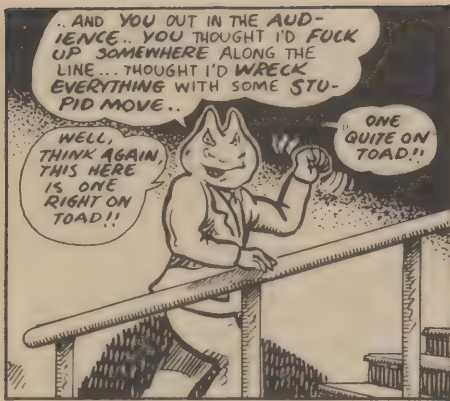






\* ED. NOTE: ACTUALLY MR. TOAD IS THAT GROSS. TWO WEEKS LATER HE CORN-HOLED MRS. C. IN THE HALLWAY, UNEXPECTEDLY.





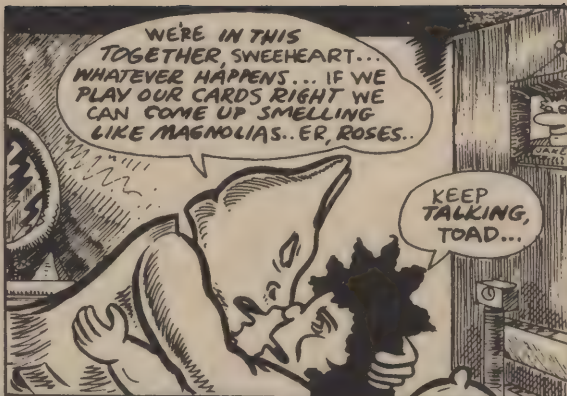
SO DON'T GIVE ME THAT DISTRAUGHT WIDOW ACT!! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE SPENDING JAKE'S \$50,000 INSURANCE POLICY EITHER!!

YEAH?



WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, SWEETHEART... WHATEVER HAPPENS... IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT WE CAN COME UP SMELLING LIKE MAGNOLIAS.. ER, ROSES..

KEEP TALKING, TOAD...



WE COULD MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER, MRS. C....

MM.



CLOMP!  
CLOMP!

WHAT'S THAT?



IT SOUNDS LIKE JAKE'S FOOT-STEPS...

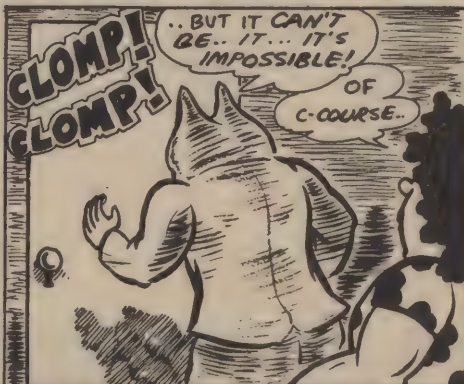
NO...



CLOMP!  
CLOMP!

.. BUT IT CAN'T BE.. IT... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

OF C-COURSE..



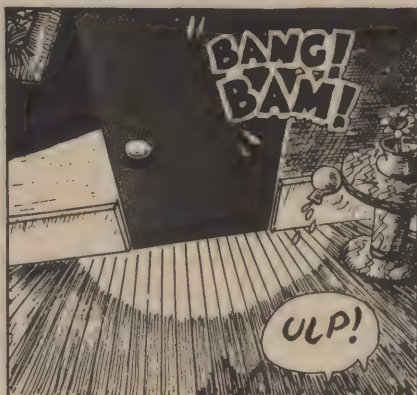
K-KEEP C-COOL NOW... I'VE GOT A P-PLAN..UH..

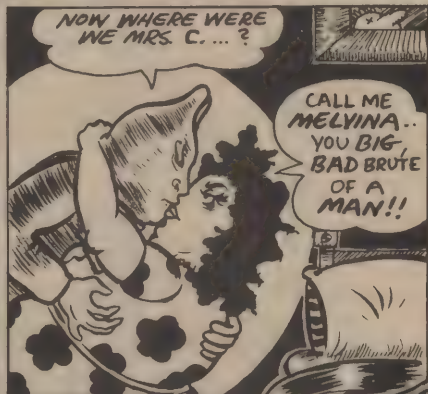
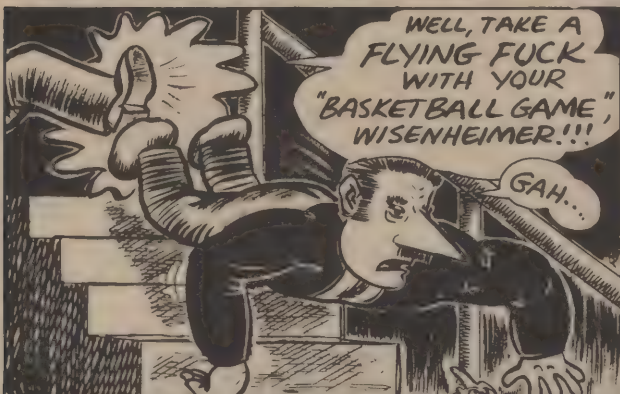
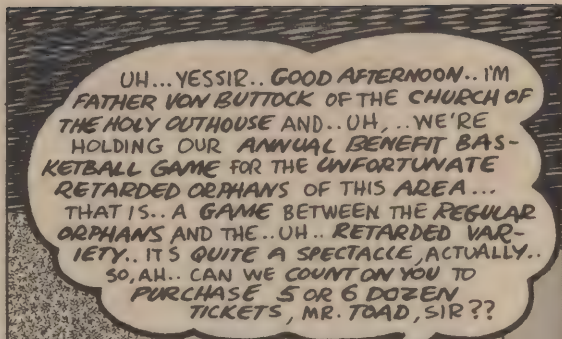
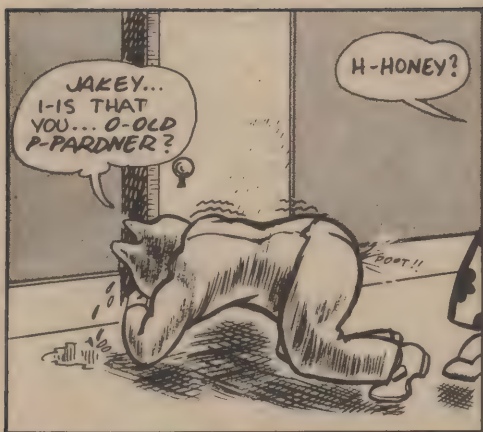
ARE YOU S-SURE THEY EMPTIED HIM?? HOW COULD HE SURVIVE??



BANG!  
BAM!

ULP!





MORAL: WHEN YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING YOU THINK IS RIGHT, STAND BEHIND IT, NO MATTER WHAT THE OTHER FELLOWS SAY!

END

THE PSYCHOPATHIC SOUTH SIDE BLADE-FREAKS CONFRONT RAZOR ANNIE AND HER COCAINE CHORUS OF CUTTERS...

CHOP AND CUT  
HACK'N'JAB

IT'S  
OVER  
CUNT

YOU VILE  
BITCH, **HURK!**

TASTE COLD STEEL  
YOU DERANGED  
TURD

IT HURTS  
DONT IT?

JESUS  
CHRIST

**SLISH**

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL  
BUT BAD, BITCH..  
HERE'S AN END TO  
YOUR BLACK HEART.

**POK**

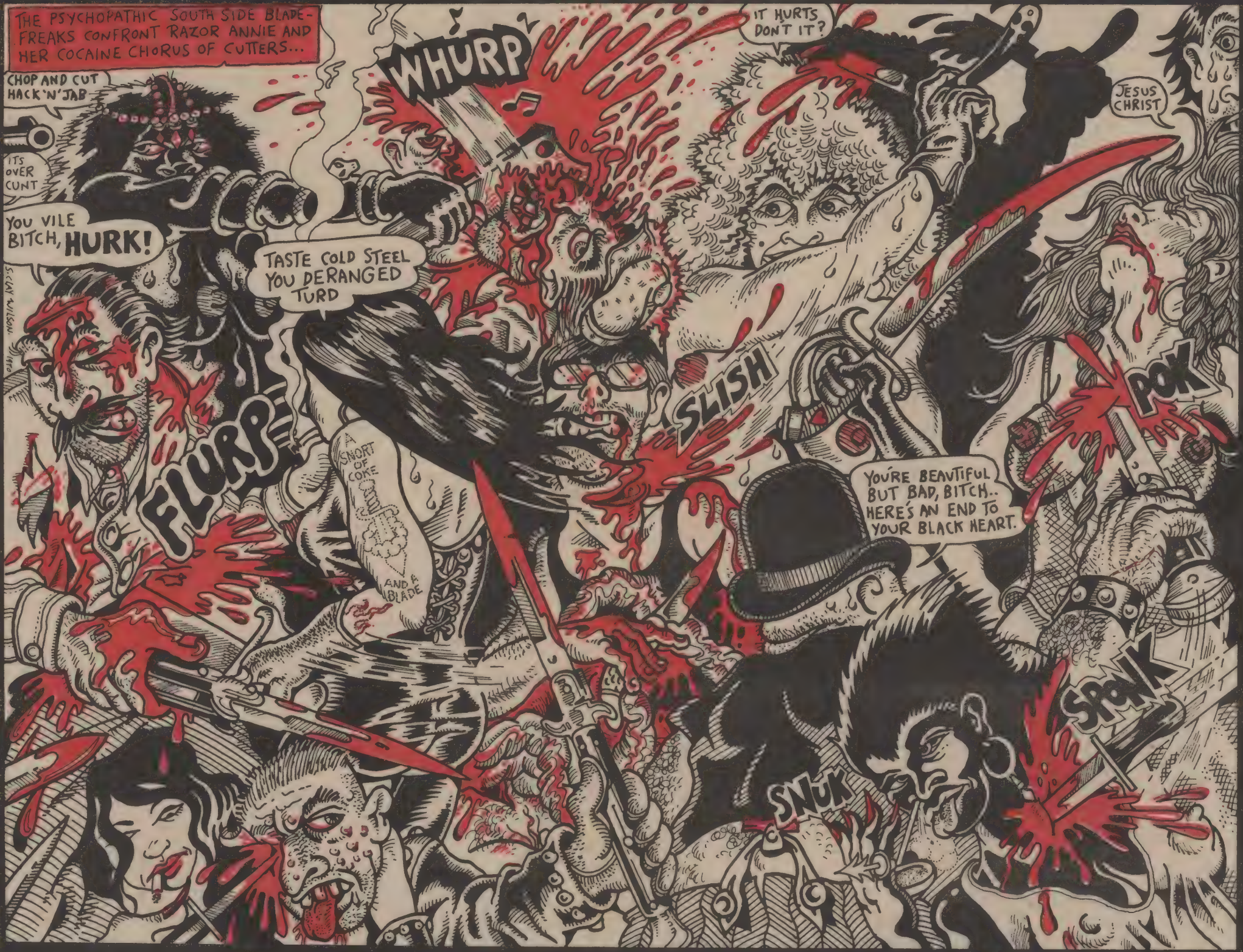
**SPAK**

**SNOK**

**FLURP**

**WHURP**

A SNORT  
OF COKE  
AND A  
BLADE

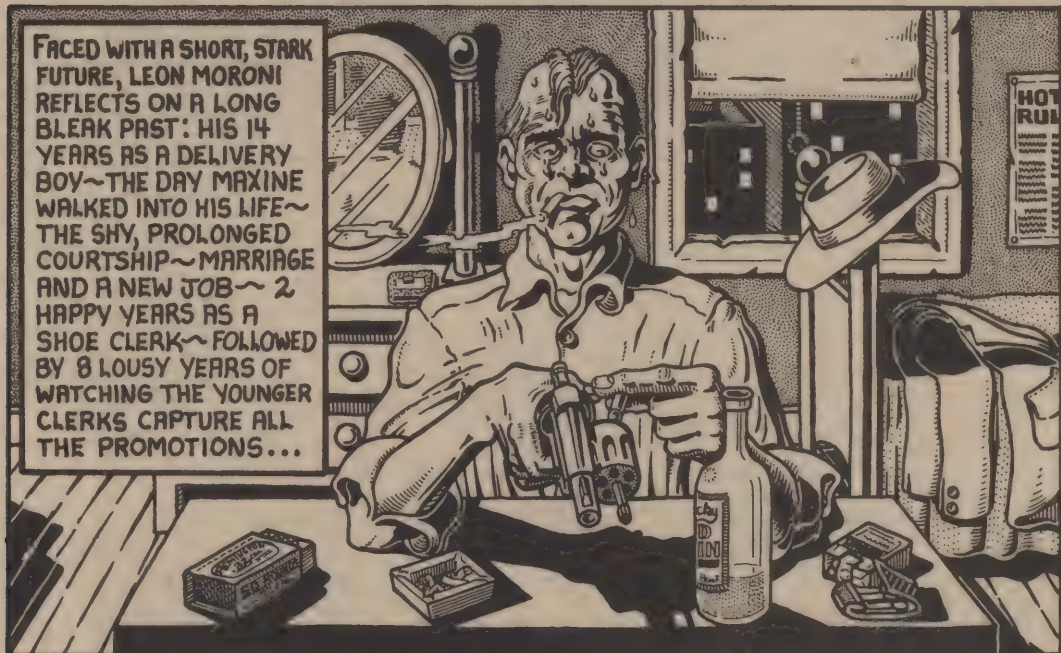


# THE LOSER

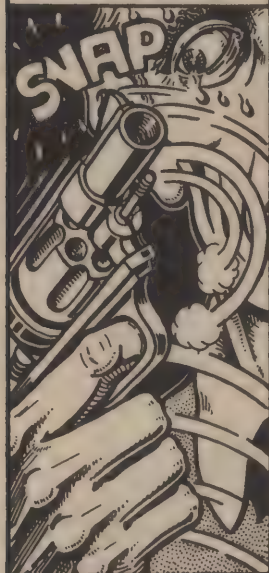
©1970

A SHORT TALE OF A SMALL MAN by J. OSBORNE

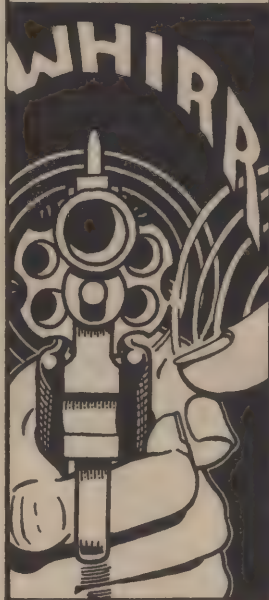
FACED WITH A SHORT, STARK FUTURE, LEON MORONI REFLECTS ON A LONG BLEAK PAST: HIS 14 YEARS AS A DELIVERY BOY~THE DAY MAXINE WALKED INTO HIS LIFE~ THE SHY, PROLONGED COURTSHIP~MARRIAGE AND A NEW JOB~ 2 HAPPY YEARS AS A SHOE CLERK~ FOLLOWED BY 8 LOUSY YEARS OF WATCHING THE YOUNGER CLERKS CAPTURE ALL THE PROMOTIONS...



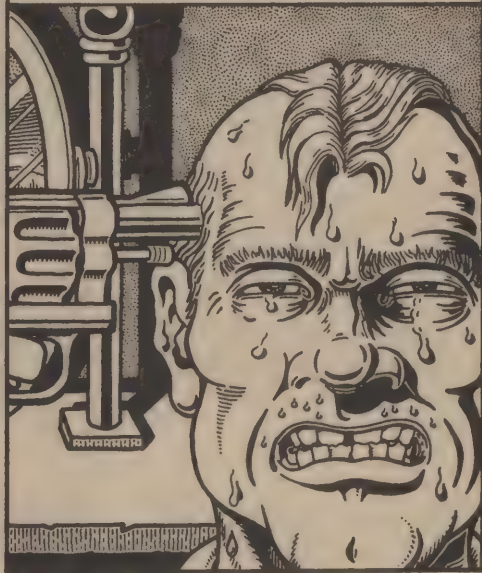
THEN MAXINE'S GORDING~ HIS SIX KNEE KNOCKING REQUESTS FOR A RAISE~



THE VIOLENT ARGUMENTS AT HOME AFTER EACH REFUSAL~



THE DISMISSAL SLIP THAT ACCOMPANIED THIS MORNING'S PAY ENVELOPE ~ RETCHING IN THE STORE'S RESTROOM BEFORE TURNING IN HIS SHOE HORN~



THE BAR ON THE WAY  
HOME AND THE DRUNKEN  
BRAWL WITH MAXINE ~



THE SLAP! ~ MAXINE'S  
HURRIED PACKING ~  
THE SLAM OF THE  
FRONT DOOR ~



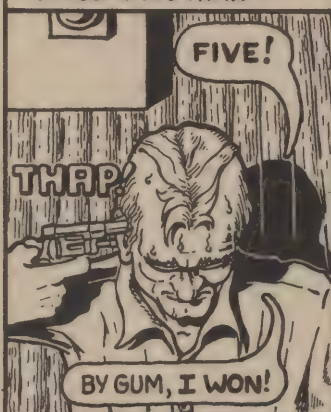
THE DISCOVERY OF THE  
HALF-FORGOTTEN PISTOL  
AND BOX OF OLD SHELLS  
IN THE OPEN BUREAU  
DRAWER ~



THE AIMLESS WANDERING  
THROUGH THE STREET ~  
CHECKING INTO THE  
HOTEL ~ THEIR HONEY-  
MOON HOTEL ~



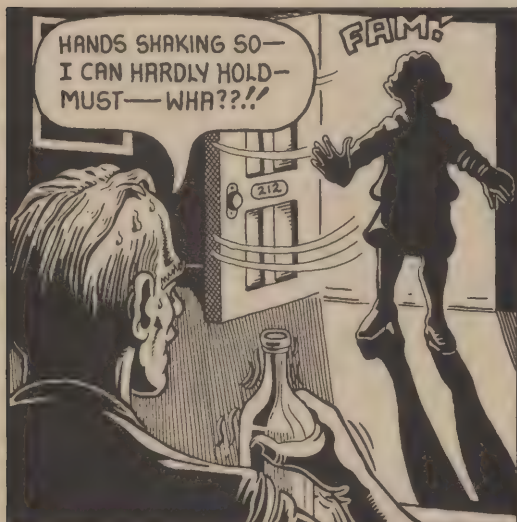
REQUESTING THIS ROOM ~  
THE ROOM WHERE THEY  
CONSUMED THEIR...



ROTTEN TIME FOR A  
STREAK OF LUCK! ~  
NEED A DRINK BEFORE  
ANOTHER SPIN!



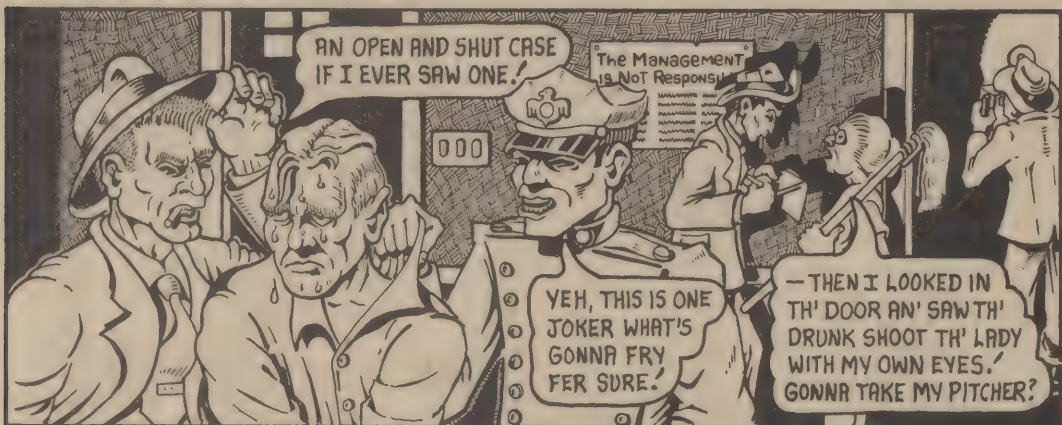
HANDS SHAKING SO—  
I CAN HARDLY HOLD—  
MUST—WHA??!!



MAXINE!

OH, LEON!  
THANK GOD  
I'VE FOUND  
YOU IN TIME!





O.K. GANG! THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM THIS YARN! WHEN YOU'RE PLINKING IN YOUR ROOM OR BACK YARD WITH YOUR ZIP OR GAT, ALWAYS BE SURE TO USE YOUR OLD AMMO FIRST! A BOX OF OUT-OF-DATE AMMO OFTEN CONTAINS A FEW DUDS AND SOMETIMES, AS IN LEON'S CASE, A "DELAYED-FIRE" ROUND! YEP, LEON ACTUALLY LOST THAT FIFTH TRY—JUST TOOK A WHILE FOR THE POWDER TO PROPERLY IGNITE!—WELL, AT LEAST OL' LEON WON'T BE LONELY WHERE HE'S GOING — MAXINE'LL BE THERE—WAITING WITH OPEN ARMS!

HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE! AFTER NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY YEARS OF BLASPHEMY AGAINST CHRIST...ALL THE SHAME...ALL THE GUILT...THEY CAN'T HIDE IT ANY LONGER! IT'S THE SECOND COMING!  
IT'S...

# JUMPIN' JACK FLASH!

I AM JACK  
AND JACK IS ME  
...ALL ARE ONE...  
YOU ARE ME...  
YOU ARE JACK...  
CEASE TO EXIST..  
KILL THE EGO..  
BECOME NOTHING..  
BECOME ME...

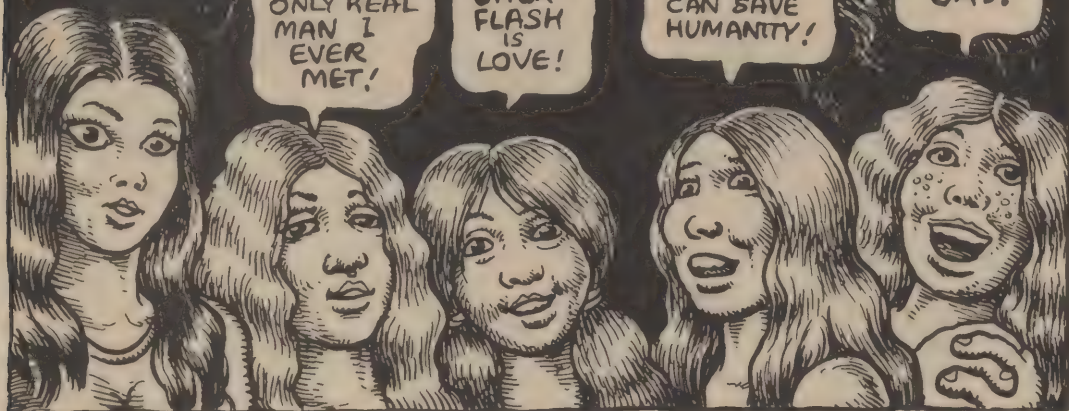
JACK FLASH  
IS GOD!

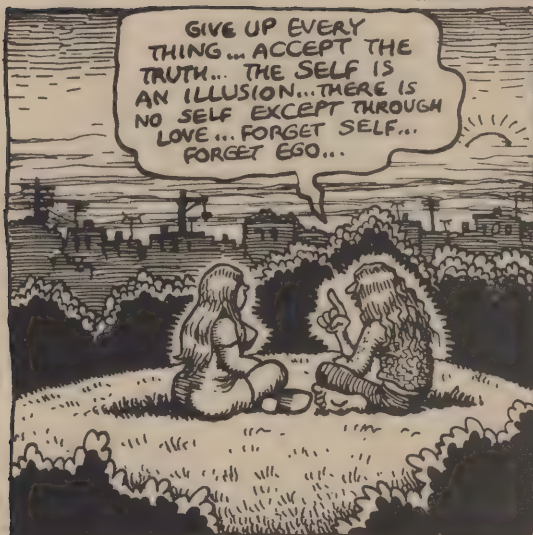
HE'S THE  
ONLY REAL  
MAN I  
EVER  
MET!

JACK  
FLASH  
IS  
LOVE!

HE'S THE  
ONE WHO  
CAN SAVE  
HUMANITY!

HE'S A  
GAS  
GAS  
GAS!









# AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, A CHICKEN BITES THE DUST

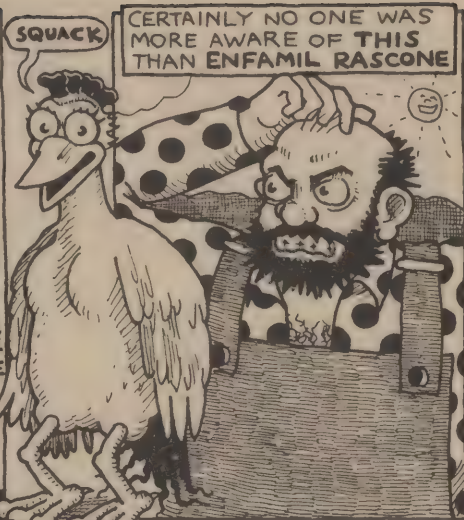
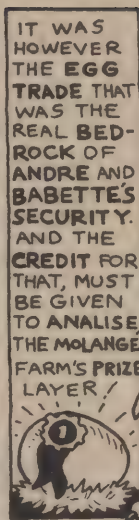


CERTAINLY, NO ONE WAS MORE AWARE OF THIS THAN ANDRE MOLANGE

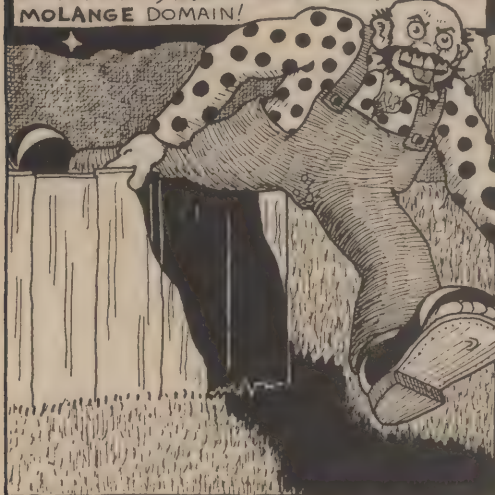


ANDRE AND HIS YOUNG BRIDE, BABETTE HAD A BRISK INCOME FROM THEIR LITTLE CHICKEN FARM





WITH ALL THE SKILL AND STEALTH OF A BORN FIEND, **ENFAMIL** ENTERED THE **MOLANGE** DOMAIN!



AND **ANDRE**? ALAS, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, HE WAS FIVE MILES AWAY, A FEATURED SPEAKER AT AN ANNUAL EGG PRODUCE AFFAIR.



AND ONCE AGAIN I SAY, EET  
EEZ ZEE EGG, NOT ZEE  
CHICKEN, WHICH  
EEZ ZEE BACKBONE  
OF ZEE TRADE

VIVA LA  
DIFFERENCE!

BUT NOT SO **BABETTE**. FEELING A BIT UNDER THE WEATHER, SHE ELECTED TO FORGO THE EVENT IN QUESTION, AND RETIRE EARLY THAT EVENING



FORGIVE  
ME **ANDRE**,  
EET EEZ ZAT  
TIME OF  
ZEE MONTH

THUS AT THE FATEFULL HOUR, SHE WAS HOME, ALONE, ASLEEP, IN BED!

HA EET EEZ  
ALMOST TOO  
**EEZEE!**  
(DROOL)



A FACT **ENFAMIL**  
TOOK FULL  
COGNIZANCE OF

NOW I GO  
TO ZEE ARMS  
OF MY **BABEE!**



HOWEVER BY THEN, **ANDRE** WAS ON HIS WAY HOME; --- BUT...

I MUST  
CHECK ON  
ZEM!



..BEFORE TURNING IN HIMSELF, HE STOPPED OFF TO CHECK THE NOCTURNAL PROGRESS OF HIS LAYING HENS

THE PERVERTED ACT TAKING PLACE UNDER HIS NOSE WAS AN OUTRAGE TO ALL HIS SENSIBILITIES



ENFAMIL! ANALISE!

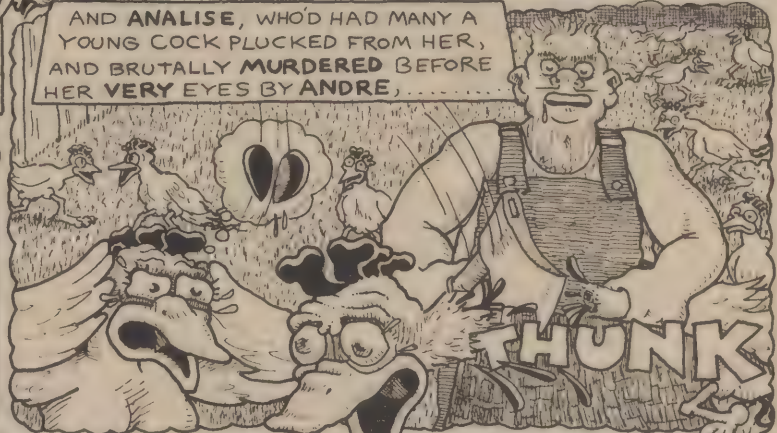


WELL, BABETTE WHO SLEPT THROUGH EVERY THING WAS NO HELP AT ALL

ANDRE HOW COULD YOU DO THEES THEENG (SOS)



AND ANALISE, WHO'D HAD MANY A YOUNG COCK PLUCKED FROM HER, AND BRUTALLY MURDERED BEFORE HER VERY EYES BY ANDRE,



REMAINED SILENT

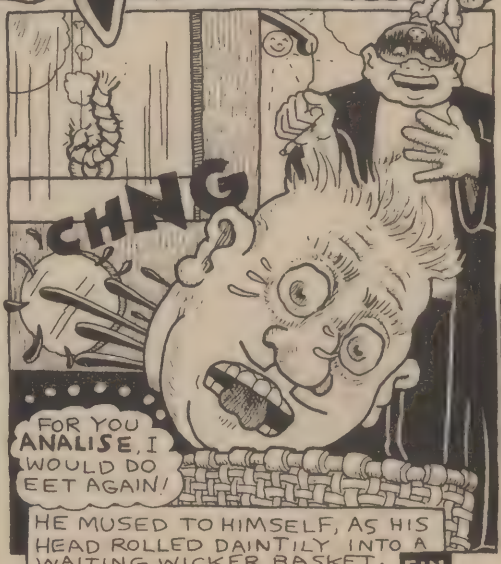
SURELY MONSIEUR, YOU DO NOT EXPECT US TO BELEIVE THEES LIE!



AH THE SUN, SHE EEZ SO BEAUTIFUL



AS A DIRECT RESULT, ON AUGUST 28, 1937 ANDRE MOL-LANGE CALMLY MET HIS END.



FOR YOU ANALISE, I WOULD DO EET AGAIN!

HE MUSED TO HIMSELF, AS HIS HEAD ROLLED DAINTILY INTO A WAITING WICKER BASKET.

FIN

# IN THE GLOOM OF NITE



THATS IT MISTER VERMICHELLI  
YOU SHINE YOUR SHOES REAL  
GOOD



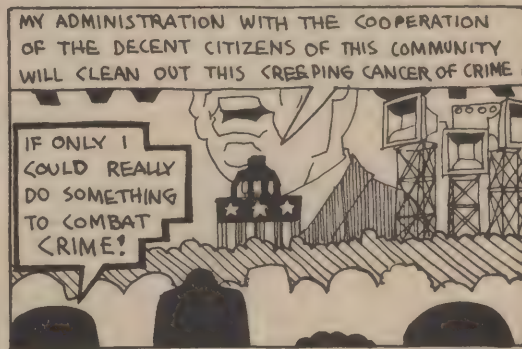
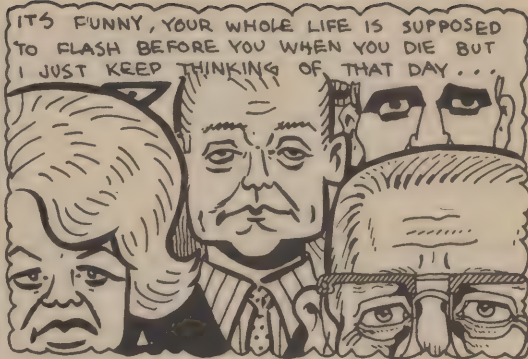
HERE THIS SUIT LOOKS  
NICE WHY DON'T YOU  
WEAR THIS  
SUIT?

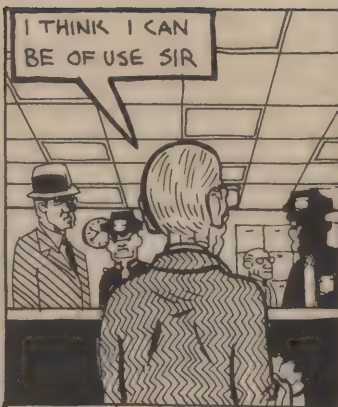


SO YOU DIDN'T THINK  
WE'D FIND YOU EH,  
MISTER VERMICHELLI

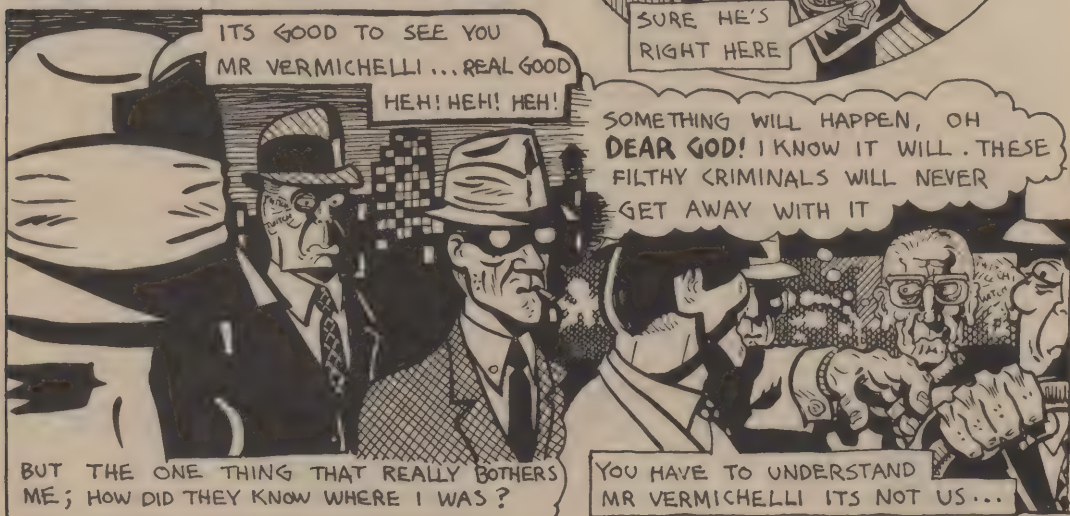
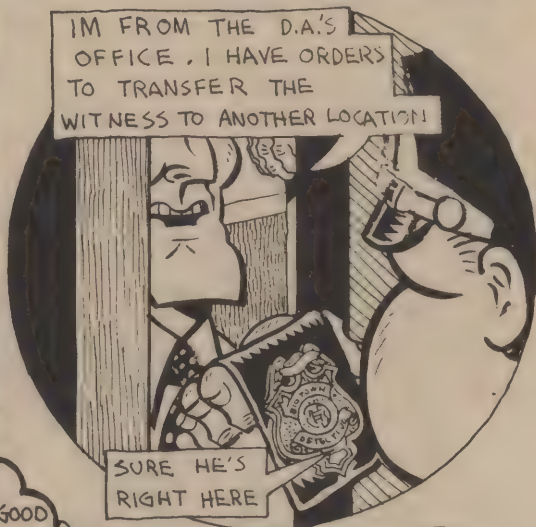
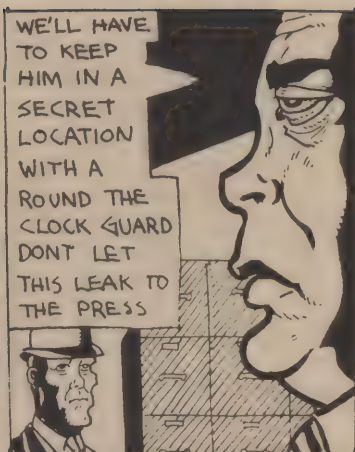


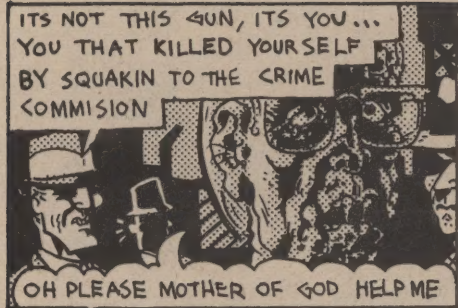
NOW COMB YOUR HAIR, THAT'S  
IT, YOU LOOK REAL NICE  
MR VERMICHELLI





I KNEW I COULD IDENTIFY THE MURDERERS SO...







**GAAA-K!**



S. DEITCH 70

ANOTHER DEMENTED SCAN FROM

# THE DREGS

